

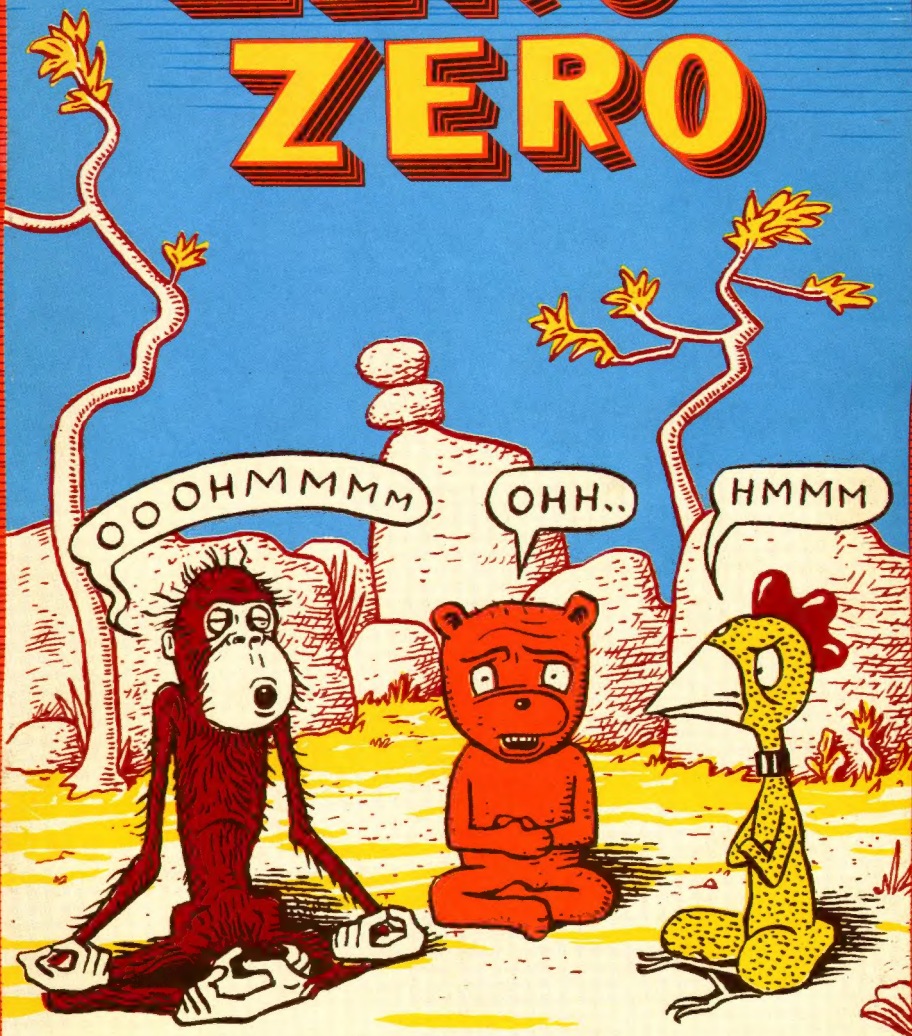
NOV·DEC 1996

#13

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CANADA

ZERO ZERO



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS





HI, REMEMBER
ME FROM
"TASTY GAS"?



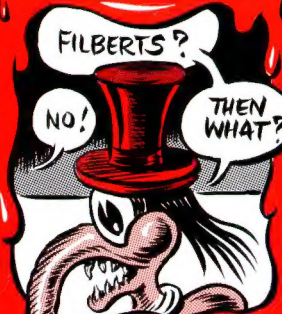
...WELL AS MORE TIME
GOES BY, I HAVE EVEN
LESS CHANCE...



"...OF EVER
BEING IN "WHAT
IS FANCY"



... BUT YOU KNOW WHAT
BOTHERS ME THE
MOST?



FILBERTS?

NO!

THEN
WHAT?



THE FACT
THAT MY
OINTMENT TWIN
GOT TO BE IN IT
BEFORE ME

SORRY,
NO
AUTOGRAPHS



I HAVE
HEARD YOU
MAKE
YOUR WISH

REALLY?



I WANT
TO BE IN
"WHAT IS
FANCY"



OKAY-GRANTED

WELL...

THIS IS "WHAT
IS FANCY"

I AM THE MAN WHO DESTROY YOUR WORLD!

Yes, indeed, the world as you know it will *never be the same* once you peruse the pages of this, the world's foremost Eisner-Award losing magazine of narrative graphic artistry, beginning with veteran undergrounder (he inhaled!) SKIP WILLIAMSON'S "SUDDENLY THINGS TURNED UGLY" (PAGE 2): It's a wacky slab of comedy, a deep-dish philosophical treatise, and a history lesson all in one! Can you dig it?

What's that? You want *more* philosophy, Jean-Claude? Why, we've got it by the *barrelful* this issue, as you'll see when you lap up the latest installment of TED STEARN'S "FUZZ AND PLUCK" (PAGE 7). Small wonder we flipped our wigs over this one and asked the esteemed Mr. Stearn to bless us with a cover. And those parts where the color goes outside the line? They're *meant* to be that way, smarty-pants! It's *artistic* for rice cakes!

Didja notice how many *animals* there are in this issue? Chickens, bears, monkeys, whatever the heck those things Dave Cooper draws are, and now *pigs*! The porcine protagonists of DAVE COLLIER'S "COCKTAIL HOUR" (PAGE 32) are of course cannily created to symbolize the daily struggles of humans like you and me, thereby making our passage through this troubled realm more rewarding. Way to go, Dave!

Aside from the aforementioned animalism, this issue boasts a secondary underlying theme: *severed body parts*, as showcased not only in DAVE COOPER'S "CRUMPLE" (PAGE 44), but also SAM HENDERSON'S "SEIZED ASSETS" (PAGE 39) and the latest installment of MACK WHITE'S "HOMUNCULUS" (PAGE 26). As Mr. Henderson will tell you, a severed body part is *always* funny, and our aim here at *Zero Zero* is to make you laugh 'til you hurl chunks! (as da kids say nowadays)

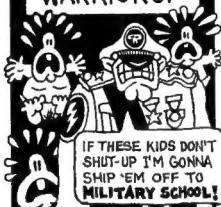
Oops! I'm plain out of room here, so I won't be able to jawbone about the meritorious morbidity of MAX ANDERSSON'S "NOISE BUSTERS PART 2" (PAGE 31), the rambunctious rewards of RICHARD SALA'S "THE CHUCKLING WHATSIT," (PAGE 32), the dizzying dadaism of DOUG ALLEN'S "IDIOTLAND" (FACING PAGE), or the jesting jocularity of JIM BLANCHARD'S "TOY ROBOT INVASION" BACK COVER! Zeroes all, nonetheless!

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Matt Counts, Kitty Ireland (we
miss you already), and
Tom Malone



AUGUST 1944

WE WERE THE
PROGENY OF
CONQUERING
WARRIORS.



IF THESE KIDS DON'T
SHUT-UP I'M GONNA
SHIP 'EM OFF TO
MILITARY SCHOOL!

TIMELINE

NOVEMBER 1963

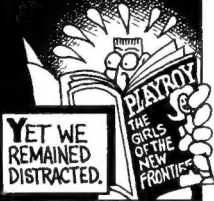
THOSE WERE THE
DAYS BEFORE RITALIN.



WACK!



THERE WERE CLUES AS
TO MALFEASANCE.



YET WE
REMAINED
DISTRACTED.

THEN ONE AFTER-
NOON IN DALLAS...

SUDDENLY THINGS TURNED UGLY



OF COURSE THINGS WERE
ALWAYS UGLY!

BUT IT DIDN'T REALLY DAWN ON
US UNTIL IT BECAME CLEAR
THAT OUR PARENTS' GENERATION
WAS AN ALLIANCE OF PSYCHOTIC
SHEEP HAPPY TO SACRIFICE ITS
CHILDREN TO THE MERCILESS
AND HOLLOW MEAT-GRINDER
OF POLITICAL ADVENTURE IN
SOUTH-EAST ASIA.

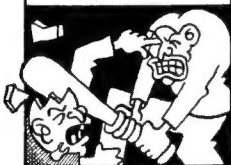
BUT IN
TRUTH...

...WE ARE
ALL BABY
EATERS!

WE
CARRY
THE
GENE.

SKIP
WILLIAMSON

IN OUR NATURAL STATE WE ARE A WILD-EYED MOB BENT ON SENSELESS CARNAGE AND THIEVERY.



DURING PRIMAL TIMES THE MORE HORMONALLY DISPOSED MUSCLED- IN TO POSITIONS OF POWER AND AUGURAL DOMINION.



THE MINIONS WERE RELEGATED TO SERFDOM.



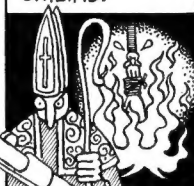
IN TURN, THEY WERE SOMEWHAT PROTECTED FROM ONE ANOTHER ...



...YET STILL VULNERABLE TO THE RAPACIOUS WHIM AND HORRENDOUS DALLIANCE OF DESPOTS AND MORTIFEROUS AUTOCRATS.



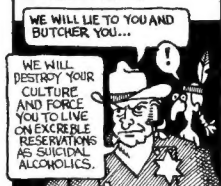
THIS HAS CONTINUED UNABATED THROUGH MIL-LINNEUM AND CHILIAD.



WE ARE A CYNICAL, CUT-THROAT MOB OF PLEBEIAN MONSTERS KEPT IN CHECK...



...AND EXPLOITED BY GRUESOME RAJAHS, PASHAS, POPES, TY-COONS AND CONGRESSMEN.



THEN

INSOLENT VASSAL!

I WILL CUT OUT YOUR STILL-BEATING HEART AND DEVOUR IT BEFORE YOUR DYING EYES!



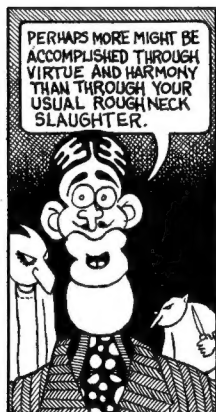
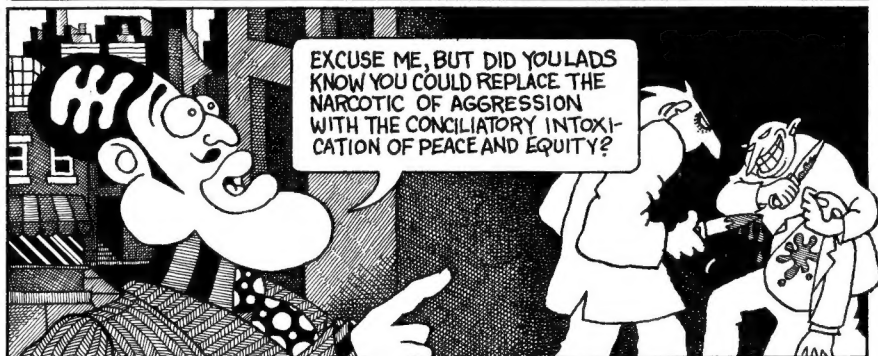
NOW

INSOLENT BOHEMIAN!

I WILL CUT OFF YOUR ARTS FUNDING!



OCCASIONALLY A DOOMED SAMARITAN, BRIMMING WITH CHARITY AND REASON, WANDERS INTO THE PATH OF FIRE AND ONTO THE KILLING FLOOR.



AS A FREE-SPIRITED YOUTH, **MOTHER NATURE** MUST HAVE MADE SOME **UN-FORTUNATE CHOICES**.

THE **BIRTH OF CIVILIZATION** WAS NOT WITHOUT COMPLICATIONS.

NATURAL SELECTION MOVED APACE AS THE MOST LETHAL OF THE HIGHER PRIMATES CONSPIRED TO SECURE DOMINION.



RUMORS OF MONSTROSITIES, STILL-BORN AND BRAIN-DEAD WITH CONGENITAL BIRTH DEFECTS, SWEEPED THE PRIMAL PLAIN.

WE GOTTA GET SOME **CONTROL** HERE!

MAYBE WE SHOULD INVENT SOME **GODS** FOR THEM TO FEAR...



...AND TELL THEM THAT **THEY ARE CREATED IN THE IMAGE OF THEIR GODS!**

YOU MEAN **DE-RANGED AND RELENTLESSLY UNPREDICTABLE?**

THEN WE CAN PRINT UP **WORTHLESS PAPER COUPONS...**

...AND CONVINCE THE RABBLE THAT THESE **WORTHLESS COUPONS** HAVE VALUE WHILE WE **HORDE GOLD**.



WE WILL **PROVIDE TRANSCENDENTAL SUPERSTITION** FOR **MASS CONSUMPTION...**

...THEREBY **DIVERTING** THE COMMON HERD SO THAT WE CAN **PLUNDER AND LOOT** THE WORLD FOR **THOUSANDS OF YEARS!**



WE WILL **TRADE** THE **WORTHLESS COUPONS** FOR THEIR **DAUGHTERS AND DURABLE GOODS**

...AND **SEND THEIR SONS TO BATTLE** AND **CERTAIN SLAUGHTER** FOR OUR **CASUAL FUN**.

IF ONLY WE COULD HAVE AN **HYPNOTIC EYE** IN EVERY DWELLING.

WE COULD **MESMERIZE** THE **PLEBEIAN HORDE** BY PROVIDING THEM A **FRIVOLOUS POPULAR CULTURE** AND THE **MIND-LESS VIOLENCE** THEY FIND SO **ENTERTAINING**.



NO TIME FOR PIPE-DREAMS. WE HAVE A PLANET TO RAVAGE!

...BUT FIRST WE GOTTA GET INTO **OUR OUTFITS!**

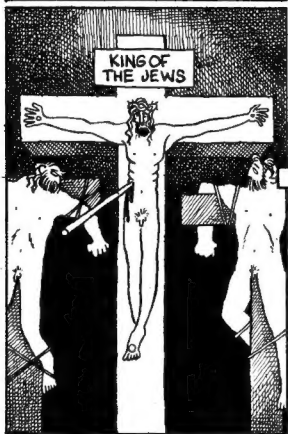


HUP!

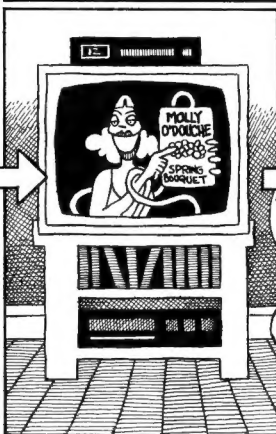
THE ANTEDILUVIAN POWER-BROKERS GET THEIR ACT TOGETHER.

HISTORY IS A CLOAKED AGENDA AND, IN THESE MODERN TIMES, WE DO HAVE AN HYPNOTIC EYE IN EVERY DWELLING.

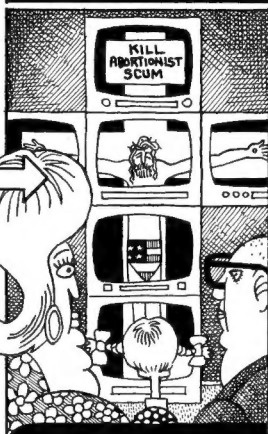
THESIS



ANTITHESIS



SYNTHESIS



OF COURSE, EVERYONE
BLAMES THE MEDIA..

LIFE'S A
MESS, DEAR.

LET'S BLAME
THE MEDIA!



MY TAXES
ARE TOO
HIGH!

IT'S TH'
MEDIA'S
FAULT!



THESE DRIVE-
BY SHOOTINGS
MUST STOP!



SOMEONE
BURNED
TH' FLAG!

TH' MEDIA
DID IT!



THE GREEN MOUNTAIN
BOYS SHED BLOOD FOR
THESE RIGHTS. YET WE
READILY GIVE THEM UP.

SOME PINE FOR THE
GOOD OLD DAYS...



...BUT REALLY, THE OLD
DAYS WERE ONLY
GOOD IF YOU WERE
A KENNEDY OR A
CAPONE.

AND WHAT
ABOUT THE
FUTURE?!

...AFTER ANTI-
BIOTIC RESIS-
TANT VIRUSES
RAVAGE THE
POPULATION, ALL HU-
MAN DNA WILL BE EN-
CODED ONTO MICRO-
CHIPS AND,...

UNENCUMBERED BY
OUR INCOMMODIOUS
CARCASSES, WE WILL
FLOAT INERT IN CYBER
SPACE...

WHERE WE'LL REAL-
LY HAVE AN OPPOR-
TUNITY TO FUCK
THINGS UP!

SO IS THERE ANYTHING
YOU--THE COMIC BOOK
READER-- CAN DO?



IF YOU GRABBED THE BULL
BY THE HORNS, MAYBE
YOU COULD WRESTLE HU-
MANITY'S ABOMINATIONS
INTO SUBMISSION.



BUT MAYBE THERE'S ONE
THING YOU COULD DO.



DON'T BUY SHIT!

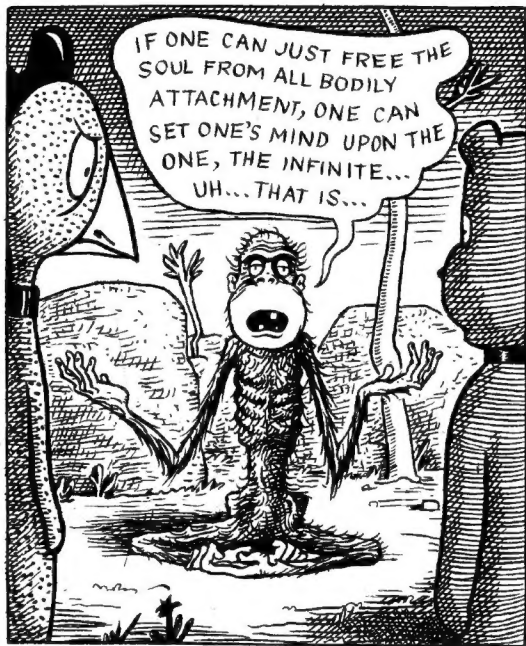


THE ONE WITH
TH' FOIL EM-
BOSSED COVER..

THE END
IS NEAR

FUZZ & PLUCK

HAVE SUCCESSFULLY ESCAPED FROM THEIR "MASTER" AT OLDE SUNKENE PONDE ESTATES — YET AS LONG AS OUR HEROES ARE BURDENED WITH THEIR KRYPTONITE COLLARS, THEY RISK BEING RECOGNIZED AS CONVICT SLAVES.... WE JOIN THEM AS THEIR MEAGER FEAST OF GLOP-TARTS AND TURNIPS IS INTERRUPTED BY A VERY GAUNT APE SITTING NEARBY...

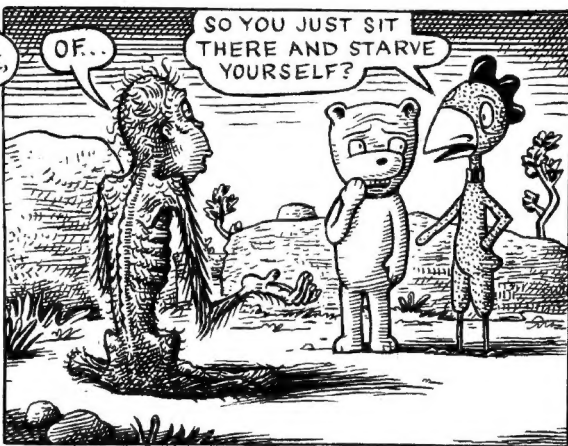


BY DENYING ONESELF
THE SENSUAL PLEASURE
OF EATING, FOR EXAMPLE,
ONE CAN
ACHIEVE
A PURITY
OF...UH...



OF..

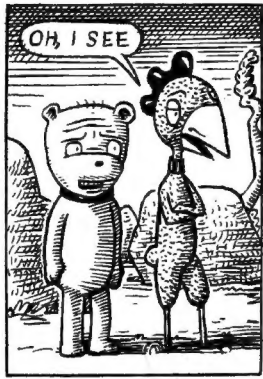
SO YOU JUST SIT
THERE AND STARVE
YOURSELF?



I FEED MY MIND BY
STARVING MY BODY..



OH, I SEE

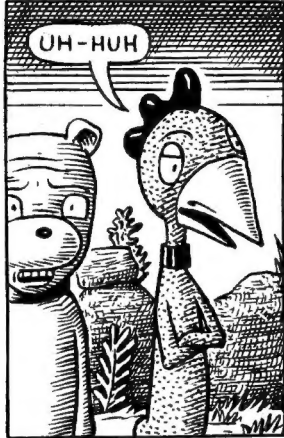


IF YOU WOULD BUT JOIN ME IN
MY QUEST-

I AM
SURE
YOU WOULD
UNDERSTAND THE
IMPORT OF MY...
..UM..

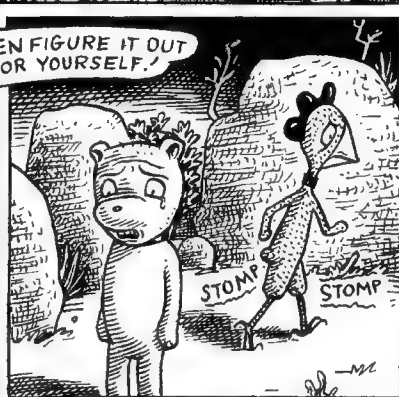
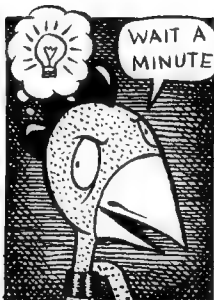


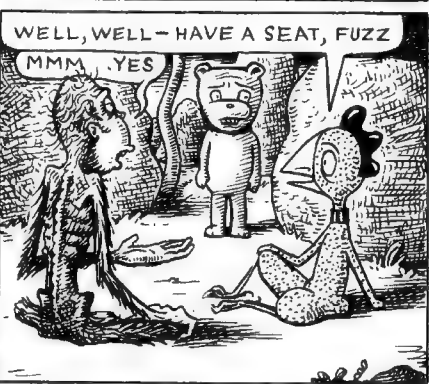
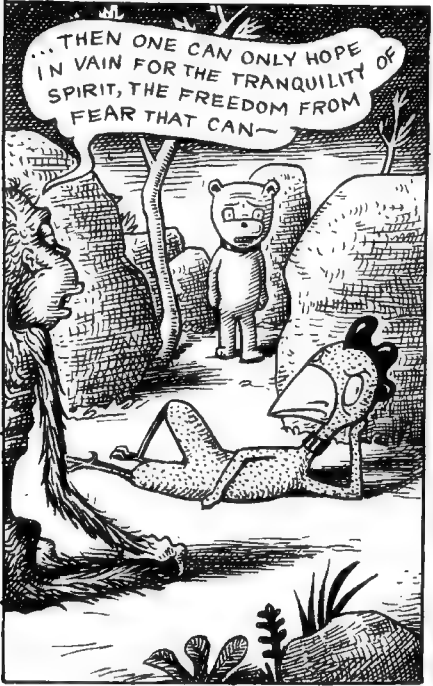
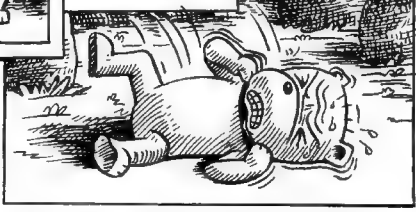
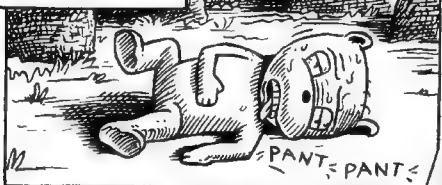
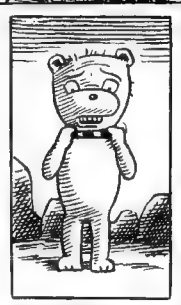
UH-HUH

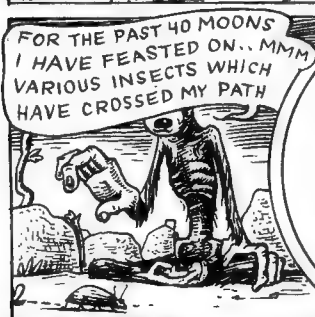


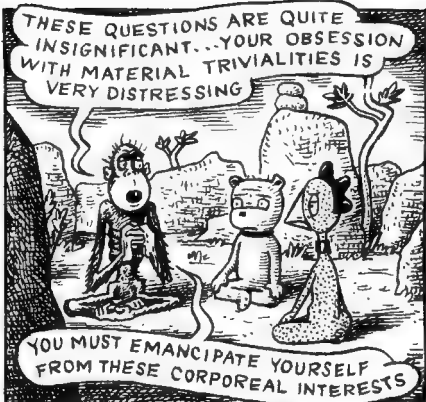
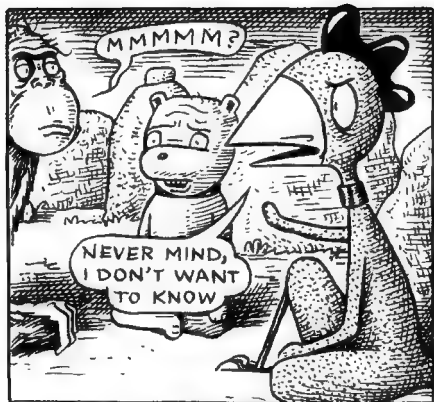
COME ON, FUZZ

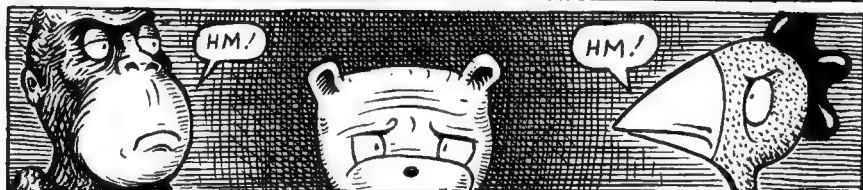
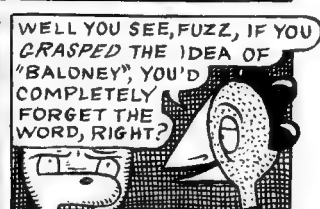
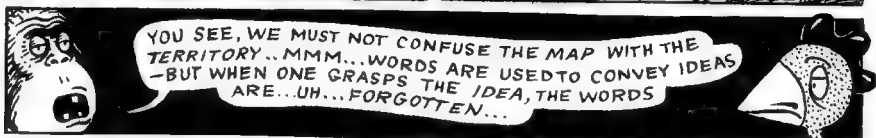












2 Days Hence....

THEREFORE, RATIONAL MECHANISTIC CONCEPTS LOSE THEIR VALIDITY BEYOND THE DIMENSIONS OF EVERYDAY.

BUT YOU ARE TRYING TO MAKE YOUR POINT WITH LOGIC, DON'T YOU SEE?

WELL, AHEM AS I WAS SAYING, UM...

YOU POMPOUS APE! JUST BECAUSE YOU SIT ON YOUR ASS ALL DAY AND EAT BUGS DOESN'T MEAN YOU KNOW ANY MORE THAN WE DO! RIGHT, FUZZ?

HUH?

MMMM... WELL, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, TO THE ENLIGHTENED MAN, WHOSE CONSCIOUSNESS EMBRACES THE UNIVERSE, ...WELL, THE UNIVERSE BECOMES HIS BODY, AND THE BODY BECOMES A MANIFESTATION OF THE UNIVERSAL MIND....

OH COME ON!
YOUR BODY IS JUST THERE AND THAT'S IT!

YES, YOU ARE RIGHT... AS I WAS SAYING, HE WHO KNOWS DOES NOT SPEAK... HE WHO SPEAKS DOES NOT... DOES NOT... UM...

OH HOW DOES THAT GO?

WELL, PERHAPS IN YOUR CASE

OH ENOUGH ALREADY



PLUCK?

HUH?

DO YOU THINK
SKINNY ENOUGH?

DO YOU THINK WE ARE
SKINNY ENOUGH YET?

IT IS TAKING
LONGER THAN
I THOUGHT

OH

BUT

I AM

THIRSTY



WELL, THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT

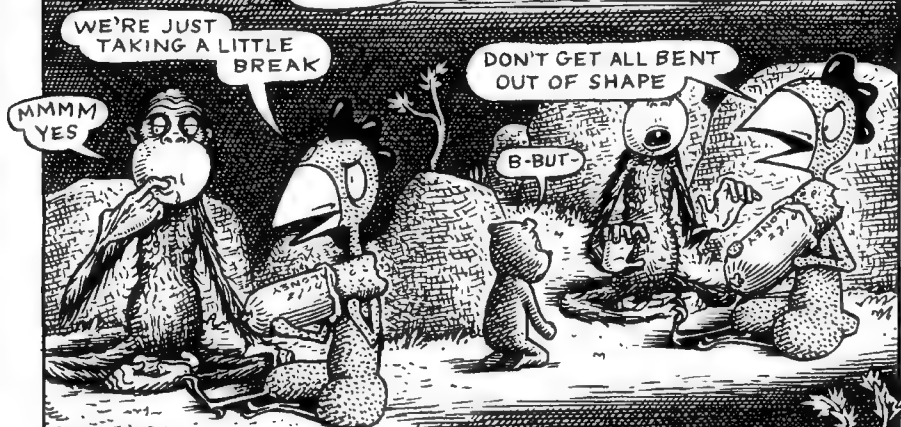
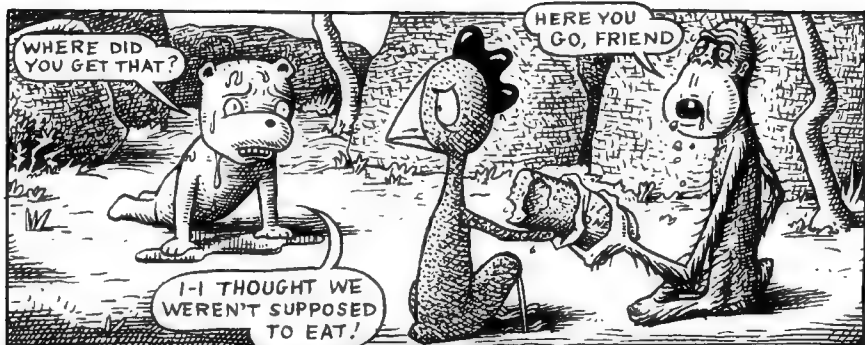
NOTHING?

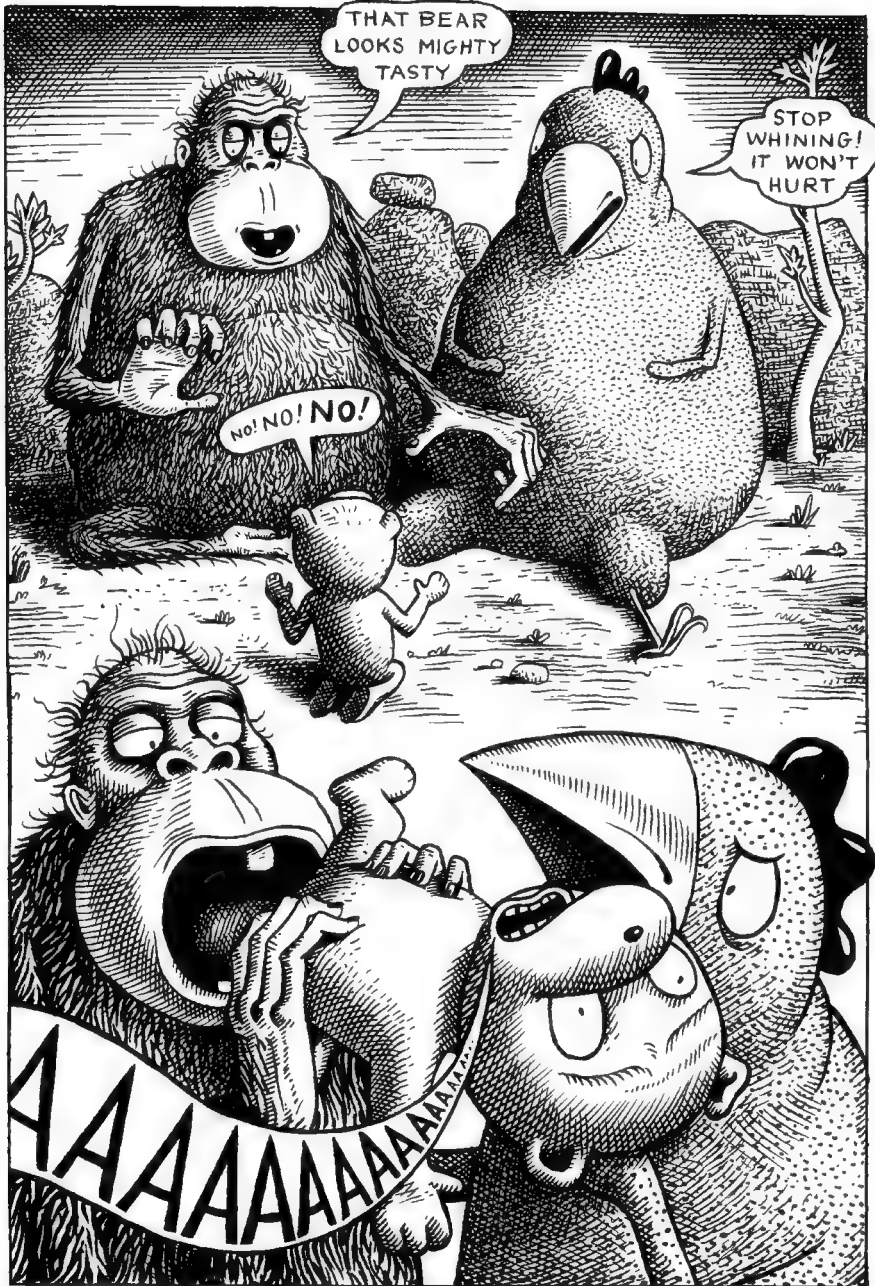
MMMMMMMM

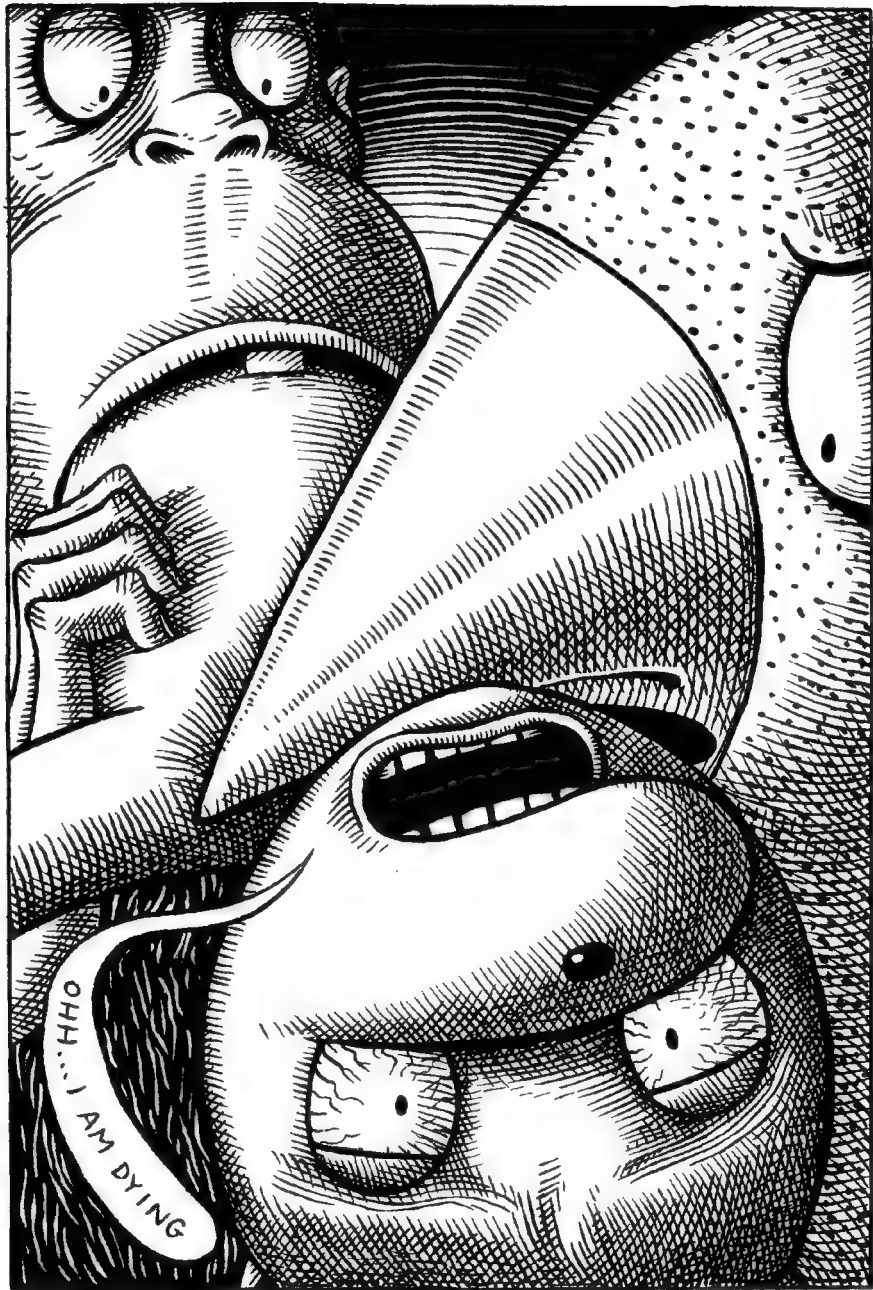
MMMMMMMM... MUNCH

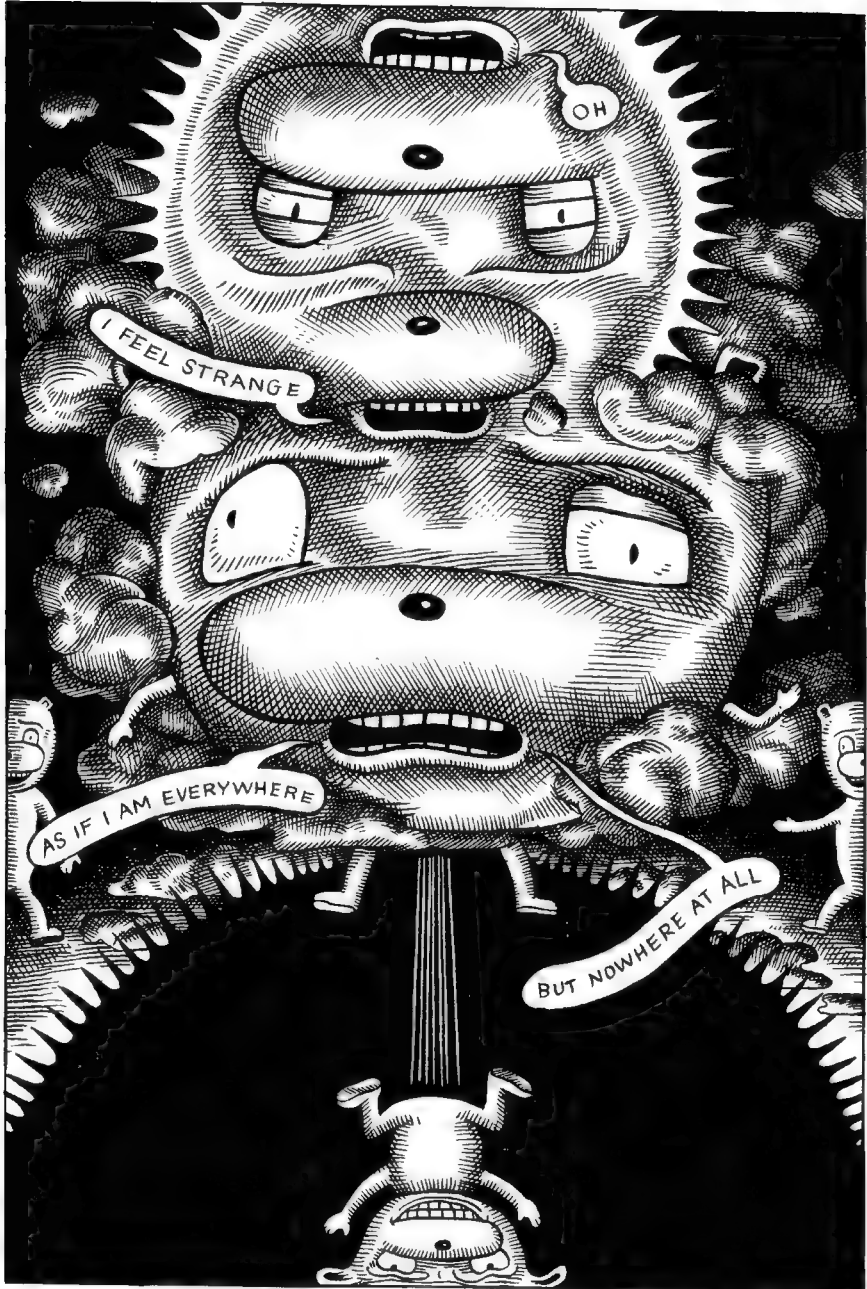
HEY!

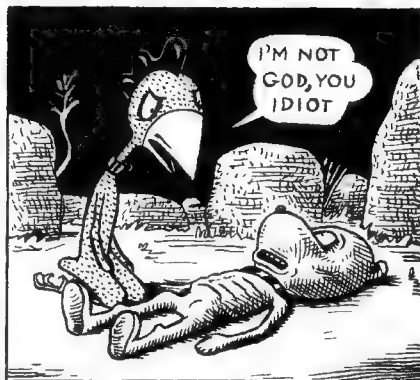
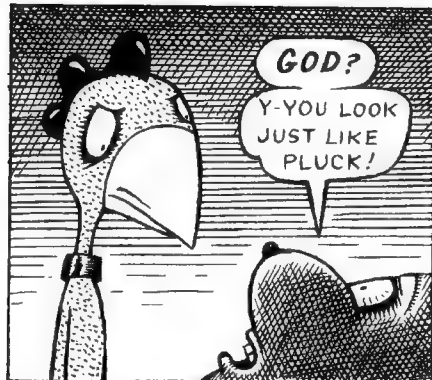
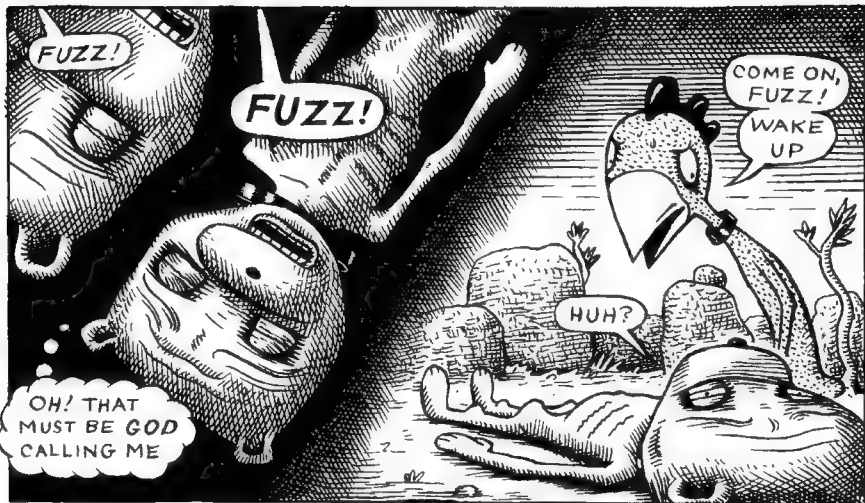
"HEY" WHAT?



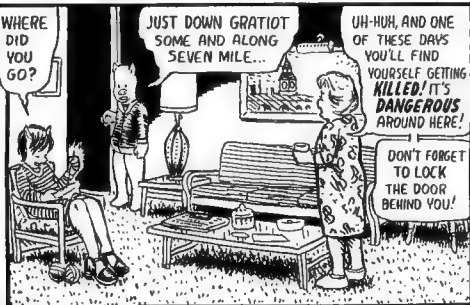
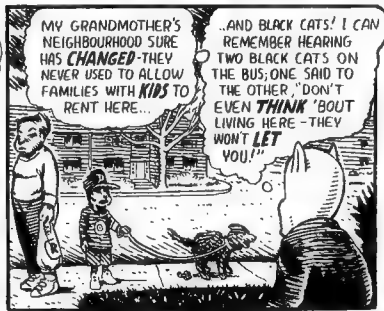
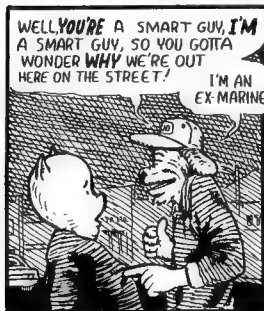
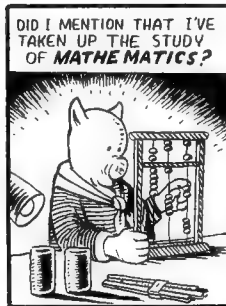
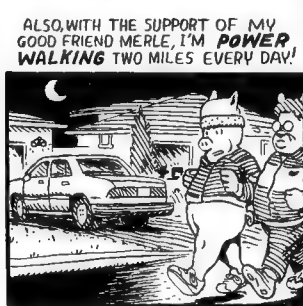
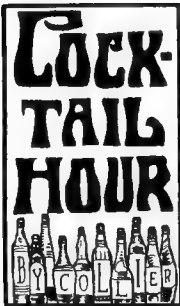








TO BE CONTINUED...



SURE, IN A LOT OF SITUATIONS OUT THERE IT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE THE ONLY PINK ONE ON **EARTH** BUT THE ONLY TROUBLE I'VE EVER SEEN IN THIS TOWN WAS THE KIND INSTIGATED BY A DRUNK **PIG!**



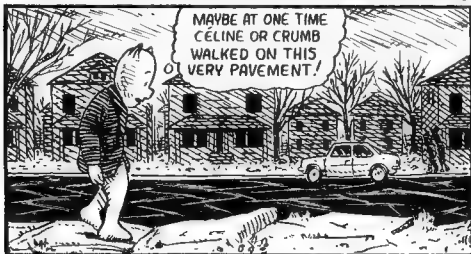
THE GUY WAS OBVIOUSLY SUICIDAL... I COULD SEE THE CAT IN THE SEAT IN FRONT OF ME SEARCHING HIS POCKETS—MAYBE FOR A **KNIFE** TO KILL HIM WITH!



BUT ALL THAT HAPPENED WAS THE DRIVER THREW THE GUY OFF THE BUS—RIGHT IN THE HARDEST PART OF DETROIT!



WHICH IN OF ITSELF IS NOT SUCH A BAD THING! **OOZING** FROM THOSE CRACKED STREETS—ALL THE WAY FROM FORD'S RIVER ROUGE PLANT TO CHVSLER'S JEFFERSON PROPERTY—IS **POETRY!**



HAVING SAID THAT, HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY MORE THOUGHT TO **MOVING?** YOUR BROTHER'S IN FLORIDA NOW, AND MOM IN TORONTO WOULD BE—

IT'S NOT SO EASY WHEN YOU'RE OLD...



IT'S TRUE THAT MOST OF MY FRIENDS HAVE LEFT, BUT I HAVE A **COUPLE** OF FRIENDS WHO STILL LIVE HERE!



AND WHEN YOU'RE OLDER IT'S NOT SO EASY TO GO INTO A NEW PLACE AND MAKE FRIENDS; EVERYBODY'S SO SET IN THEIR WAYS... AND I DON'T WANT TO BECOME DEPENDENT ON FAMILY—NO, IT'S BETTER TO HAVE **FRIENDS** WHO HELP ONE ANOTHER!



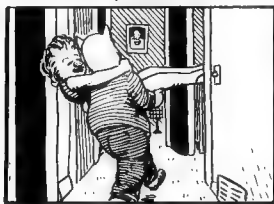
SHE NEVER MENTIONED TH' **MEMORIES** TIED UP HERE... JEEZ—SHE'S RENTED THIS PLACE FOR **THIRTY YEARS!**



SHE WAS A WAR BRIDE, ONE OF THOUSANDS WHO FOLLOWED THEIR HUSBANDS BACK TO NORTH AMERICA.



BUT WITHIN A DECADE SHE WAS WIDOWED. YEARS OF LONELINESS IN A STRANGE CULTURE FOLLOWED UNTIL ONE DAY WHILE BOATING ON THE DETROIT RIVER, **ANOTHER** EX-GI, A DASHING AMERICAN WHO WORKED FOR DETROIT EDISON, ENTERED HER LIFE.



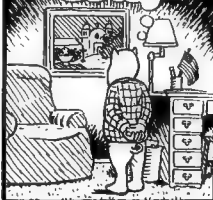
SO THEY MOVED IN HERE IN THE MID-SIXTIES, AND I SWEAR THIS APARTMENT HASN'T CHANGED SINCE!



MY GRANDMOTHER FOUND HERSELF WIDOWED AGAIN ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND SINCE THEN THE APARTMENT HAS ASSUMED AN AIR OF QUIET REVERENCE. THE TOBY MUGS ABOVE THE LIQUOR CABINET, LIKE MOST THINGS HERE, HAVE REMAINED AS THEY WERE WHEN HE WAS THERE...



IT MAKES A GOOD SETTING FOR ALL THIS SELF-TAUGHT OIL PAINTING DONE LATE IN LIFE BY MY GRAND-MOTHER'S MOTHER!



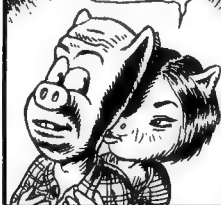
AH, GREAT-GRANDMOTHER GOT SWEEPED UP IN THE SEMI-RETRO CLOWN CRAZE OF 1930-1970 LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, I SEE!



KISS



WHAT'CHA DOING HMN? WANNA GO OUT FOR A WALK?



OH MAN, I JUST WENT FOR A WALK! IT'S NO WONDER I NEVER GET ANYTHING DONE!

STILL, YOU GOTTA MAKE IT A HABIT OF DOING WHAT THE OTHER PERSON WANTS SOMETIMES, IF YOU WANT TO MAKE THE RELATIONSHIP THING GO-- "A WOMAN WANTS TO BE LEFT ALONE IN THE MORNING; TAKEN OUT IN THE AFTERNOON AND CARESSED AT NIGHT!"



OH WOW--HERE'S THE OLD SWIMMING POOL! SEE, THIS WHOLE DEVELOPMENT USED TO BE ADULTS ONLY, SO WHEN MY SISTER AND I WOULD VISIT--THIS WAS BEFORE THE FITNESS CRAZE--WE'D HAVE THE WATER TO OURSELVES!

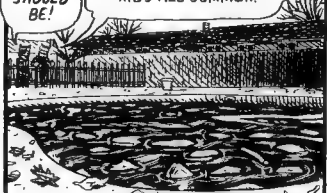


IT WAS WEIRD...WE WERE THE ONLY KIDS, AND WE'D BE LAUGHING, SCREAMING AND CAUSIN' CONSTERNATION AMONGST THE OLDER, GRUMPYER RESIDENTS!

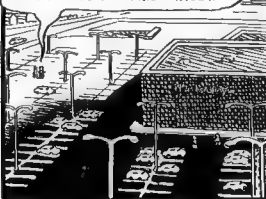


'COURSE THE WHOLE NOTION OF ADULT ONLY COMMUNITIES GOT STRUCK DOWN AS DISCRIMINATORY OR UNCONSTITUTIONAL OR SOMETHING, AND NOW THE POOL'S PACKED WITH KIDS ALL SUMMER!

AS IT SHOULD BE!



WHEN HER SECOND HUSBAND DIED MY GRANDMOTHER GAVE UP DRIVING, SO THIS IS THE MALL SHE SOMETIMES WALKS TO! 'S FUNNY, IT USED TO BE THAT YOU'D RARELY SEE ANY BLACK CATS AT THIS MALL...

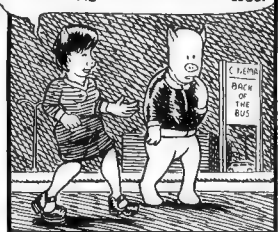


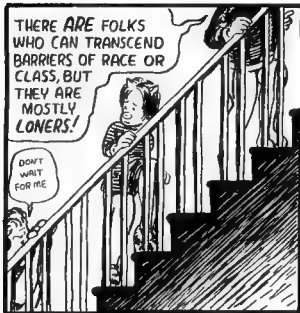
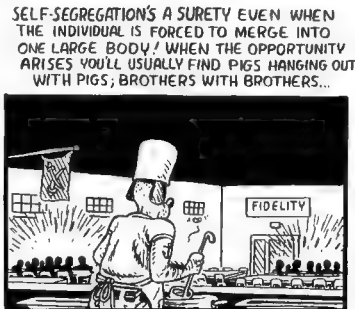
NOW IT'S GRANDMA WHO STANDS OUT!

MY, MY! YOU HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYES WITH GOLD IN 'EM!



..WALKING AND SHARING RIDES INSTEAD OF OWNING A CAR; NOT HIDING OUT EXCLUSIVELY WITH HER OWN RACE. IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE YOUR GRANNY'S COOL!





HOMVNCVLVS: THE EVNVCH'S TALE

CONTD. BY MACK WHITE

THE STORM CLOUDS WERE ENTIRELY GONE NOW, AND THE **STARS** SHONE BRIGHT ABOVE. IT WAS A LOVELY NIGHT—SO LOVELY I FORGOT MY WOES AS THE **EUNUCH** CONTINUED HIS TALE ...

...AEMILIA SAID SHE COULD HELP ME, BUT I COULD NOT SEE HOW SHE COULD POSSIBLY INSURE MY POTENCY WHEN AT LAST THE DREAD JUNIA PISO SUMMONED ME TO BED. BUT AEMILIA SAID...



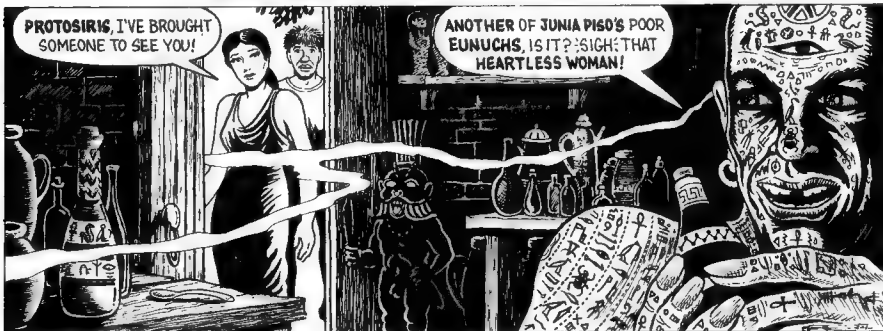
THERE'S AN OLD **MAGUS** WHO LIVES ON YONDER HILL. HE LEARNED HIS ART IN **EGYPT**, WHICH IS THE HOME OF ALL **MAGIC**. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM.



"I FOLLOWED AEMILIA UP THE HILL TO THE PLACE WHERE THE **MAGUS** LIVED. THE STRANGE ODOR OF SOME MAGICAL ELIXIR WAFLED OUT OF HIS SHACK, AND I HEARD MUFFLED CHANTING INSIDE ...



PROTOSIRIS, I'VE BROUGHT SOMEONE TO SEE YOU!



ANOTHER OF JUNIA PISO'S POOR EUNUCHS, IS IT? SIGH: THAT HEARTLESS WOMAN!



...POOR FELLOW! FIRST YOU LOSE YOUR FREEDOM, THEN YOU LOSE YOUR BALLS! AND NOW YOUR CRUEL OWNER EXPECTS YOU TO PLEASURE HER AS IF YOU WERE SOME SATYR! WHAT WILL YOU DO? WHAT?!

I DON'T KNOW. BUT AEMILIA SAID YOU COULD—



THE ANSWER, MY BOY, IS HERE. INSIDE THIS VIAL IS ACTUAL SEA WATER FROM CYPRUS—FOAM FROM THE VERY LOINS OF APHRODITE!



"THE MAGUS LET ME HAVE THIS AMAZING LOTION IN EXCHANGE FOR MY SANDALS. IT WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY, TO SAVE MY PHALLUS—A BARGAIN, FOR WHICH I THANKED THE MAGUS PROFUSELY. BEING A COBBLER, I COULD EASILY CRAFT MORE FOOTWEAR FOR MYSELF OUT OF LEATHER SCRAPS, BUT I COULD NEVER CRAFT ANOTHER PHALLUS. NEW SANDALS WERE NOT SOMETHING I COULD MAKE IMMEDIATELY, HOWEVER, SO THE WALK BACK DOWN THE HILL WAS HARD ON MY FEET. WE STOPPED BY A STREAM SO I COULD SOOTHE THEM IN THE COOL WATER. WHILE WE WERE THERE, AEMILIA EXTOLLED THE VIRTUES OF THE LOTION, WHICH WAS THE ACTUAL VAGINAL LUBRICANT OF THE LOVE GODDESS HERSELF. SHE ASKED ME TO HAND HER THE BOTTLE..."

HERE, I'LL SHOW YOU ITS POWER...



"SHE BADE ME STAND AND LIFT MY TUNIC..."

...IT ONLY TAKES A LITTLE. THEN YOU RUB IT IN...



"WELL, THE MIRACULOUS OINTMENT IMMEDIATELY TOOK EFFECT! MY POOR PHALLUS, FOR SO LONG LIMP WITH BEREAVEMENT FOR THE LOSS OF MY BALLS, NOW SPRANG TO LIFE-LIKE THE GALILEAN THEY SAY ROSE FROM THE DEAD, ON FIRE WITH LUST, I FELL UPON THE FAIR AEMILIA..."



"THUS WAS THE LAST VESTIGE OF MY MANHOOD-MY LOVE TOOL-SAVED BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE LOVE GODDESS HERSELF. I WAS NOW ABLE TO PLEASURE THE DREADFUL JUNIA PISO WITHOUT FEAR OF FAILURE, AND IN TIME EVEN BECAME HER FAVORITE EUNUCH..."



...LIFE AT JUNIA PISO'S VILLA TURNED OUT TO BE A CONTINUOUS ORGY. I WAS ALWAYS FUCKING-IF NOT JUNIA PISO, THEN AEMILIA OR ONE OF THE OTHER SLAVE GIRLS...





...IT WASN'T SUCH A TERRIBLE LIFE, BEING A **SEX SLAVE**! OF COURSE, I WOULD'VE PREFERRED BEING **FREE**, BUT MY FATE COULD'VE BEEN MUCH **WORSE**. THE LIVES OF **MOST SLAVES** ARE **HARD**...



SO WHEN DO I START HAVING **GOOD LUCK**?

...SO MY POINT, **HOMUNCULUS**, IS THIS: NOTHING IS EVER **COMPLETELY POSITIVE** OR **NEGATIVE**. **GOOD LUCK** LEADS TO **BAD LUCK**, AND VICE VERSA—

YOU **SURVIVED** THE **STORM**, DIDN'T YOU? AND YOU KNOW WHAT **ELSE**?...



WE'RE **FREE**! THE **PIRATES** ARE **DROWNED** AND WE'RE **SLAVES** NO MORE! **HA-HA-HA!**

THE OLD **EUNUCH** CAPERED ABOUT, LAUGHING AND SHOUTING LIKE A **MAD MAN**. I UNDERSTOOD HIS EXCITEMENT. HE HAD SPENT MOST HIS LIFE AS A **SLAVE**, PASSED FROM ONE MASTER TO ANOTHER—AND NOW, SUDDENLY, HE WAS **FREE**. HIS **FREEDOM**, HOWEVER, WAS **SHORT LIVED**...



I'M **FREE**! **FREE**! **FREE**! **FREE** AS A **BIRD**! **HA-HA-HA!** LOOK! I'M **FLYING**! **HA-HA!** **FREE**! **FREE**! **FREE**!



SUDDENLY...

WHA?—

—GASP—

HA-HA-HA!
NO ONE'S FREE HERE
BUT ME!

IT WAS **CORYMBUS THE PIRATE**. HE HAD **NOT** DROWNED, AFTER ALL, BUT HAD MADE IT SAFELY TO THE SAME SHORE AS WE HAD. SO DISTRACTED HAD I BEEN BY THE **EUNUCH'S** CAPERING ABOUT THAT I HAD FAILED TO SENSE THE **PIRATE'S** APPROACH UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE...

M-MASTER, I'VE BEEN
SO WORRIED! I THOUGHT
YOU'D DROWNED!

NO, I'M STILL ALIVE! AND THOUGH
MY SHIP IS LOST, I'LL STILL MAKE
A FORTUNE WITH THIS!...

© '96 MACK WHITE





NOISEBUSTERS 2



I'M TIRED OF LISTENING TO MY NEIGHBOR SCREAMING IN AGONY

AAAAAAA

I'M CALLING NOISEBUSTERS

SOON

THE PROBLEM HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF

WILL YOU PLEASE SIGN HERE

THANK YOU. AND HERE'S YOUR NEIGHBOR

WE WERE FORCED TO SHOOT HIM. HE WOULDN'T STOP SCREAMING

BUT WHAT'S THIS?

HIS GIRLFRIEND, I GUESS

SHE ARRIVED JUST THEN. YELLED EVEN WORSE

THEN THERE WERE THESE YOUTHS, HAVING A PARTY ON THE FLOOR ABOVE. THEY CAME DOWN AND MADE A RACKET OVER THE GUN SHOTS

FINALLY, EVERY CHILD IN THE DAY-CARE CENTRE NEXT DOOR WOKE UP AND STARTED CRYING, SO WE HAD TO TAKE THEM ALL OUT TOO.

AAAAAAAAAAAA



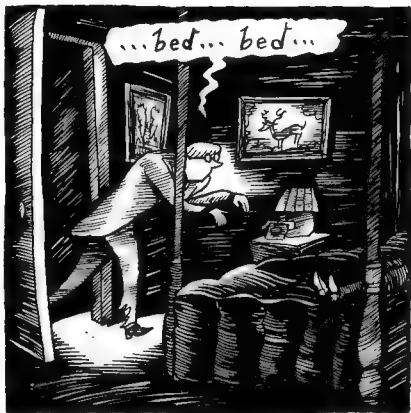
the Chuckling Whatsit

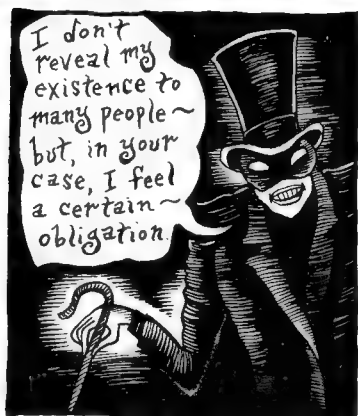
© 1996 Richard Sala

Previously ~

Broom continues digging into the life of mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac, unaware that Professor Peeke ~ who hired him ~ is now dead. In Crow's Creek, Broom learns more about Celeste from Dr. Vogardus. Subsequently, he has an unsettling experience in Jarnac's windmill, during which he finds ~ then loses ~ the peculiar hanging doll. Afterwards, he runs into Abigail Aberdevine ~ but is unprepared for the greeting he gets from her.







Hmm ~ strangled. Your friend the Ghoul did it ~ though, obviously, not with his signature knife. He doesn't want the police to know he's plying his trade in Crow's Creek ~ that's too close to home.



No ~ he wants you to get the blame. Then, no doubt, you'll "disappear" before you can tell your side of the story. Not very nice for you, eh, Broom? Ha ha! But, fear not ~ one of my operatives, Mia Moray, will be here shortly. She'll dispose of the body.



You'll like Mia, Mr. Broom ~ an extremely resourceful girl. She's been keeping an eye on you for me.



So ~ you're not the Ghoul?

Ha ha! ~ I can see you're perplexed. ~ That's too bad.









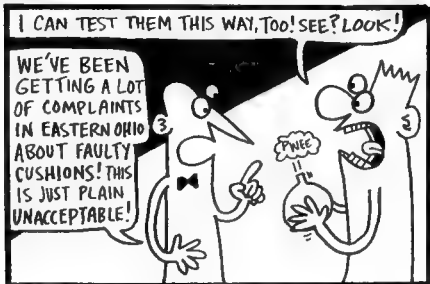
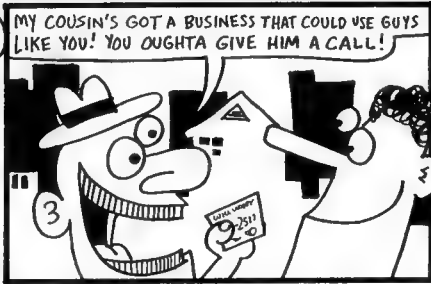
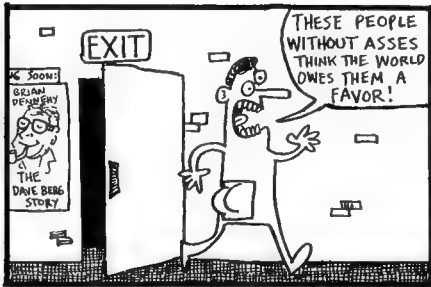
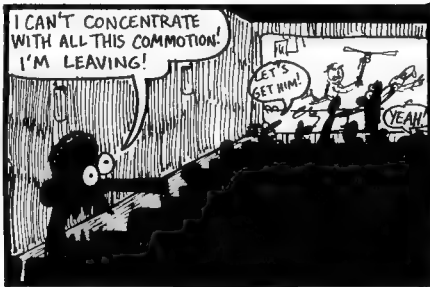
to be continued ~

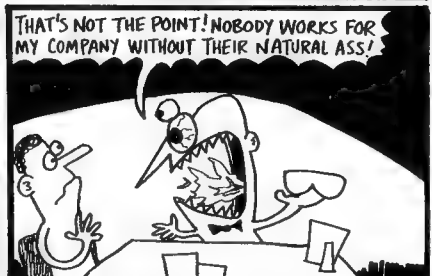
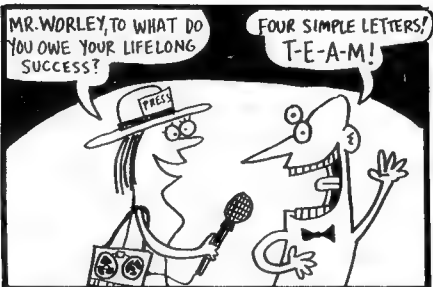


SEIZED ASSETS

@henderson 96







WHO NEEDS A DUMB DL'ASS ANYWAY? THEY'RE WAY
OVERRATED IF YOU ASK ME! WHO DECIDED YOU NEED
ONE TO SURVIVE? IT'S DISCRIMINATION I TELL YOU!



HEY, WHAT'S
THIS?



IT'S MY ASS! MY OWN!
DON'T WORRY, POPPA'S
BACK!



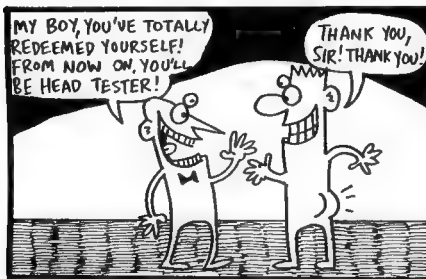
I'M SO SORRY
FOR EVERYTHING!

I'LL KEEP UP ON MY
PAYMENTS! I PROMISE!



MY BOY, YOU'VE TOTALLY
REDEEMED YOURSELF!
FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL
BE HEAD TESTER!

THANK YOU,
SIR! THANK YOU!

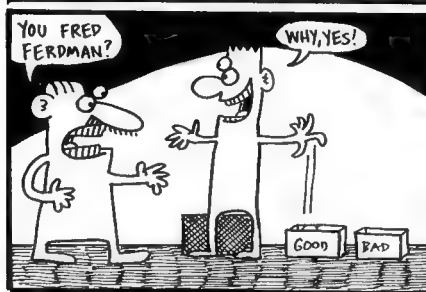


EVERYTHING TURNED OUT OKAY IN THE END!



YOU FRED
FERDMAN?

WHY, YES!



I'M FROM THE BANK AND I'M HERE TO REPOSSSESS
YOUR NIPPLES!







But that's all
old news -- I'm onto
something *better*
now. & I've
found new
backers.



Better than
making chicks hot
for you whenever
you **want?**
As *IF*.

I'm developing a way
of putting a man's brain
inside the body
of a woman.



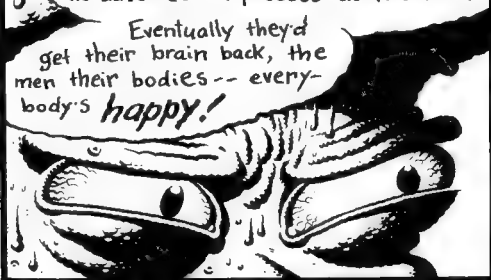
Think about it --
One could
do whatever one
pleased with it;
get it all greased up
& slippery, *squeeze*
& twist its hot, pliant
flessssh...

& when it's
broken, one
simply gets a
replacement.

Broken?
This whole
conversation is
turning kind of
ugly.

Oh, I exaggerate-- I'm sure very few would be **damaged**. The female bodies would be preserved with nearly as advanced a process as the men.

Eventually they'd get their brain back, the men their bodies-- everybody's **happy!**



The women would be paid, & the vast majority of the brains would remain relatively unharmed.



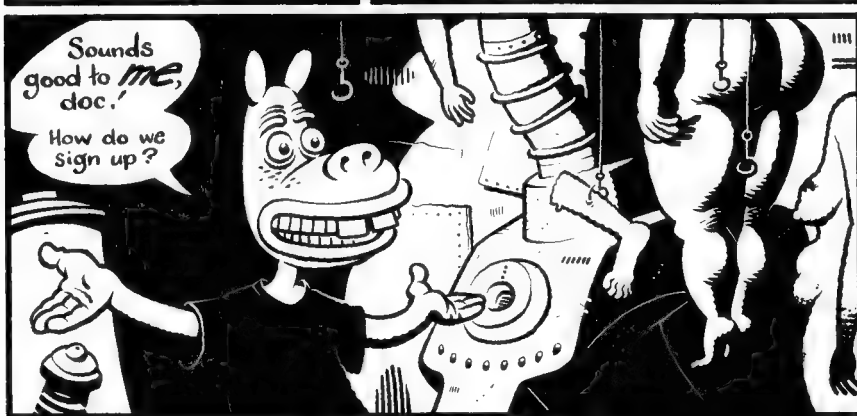
Besides, if they were to lose a bit of their **reasoning** capabilities, who would notice the

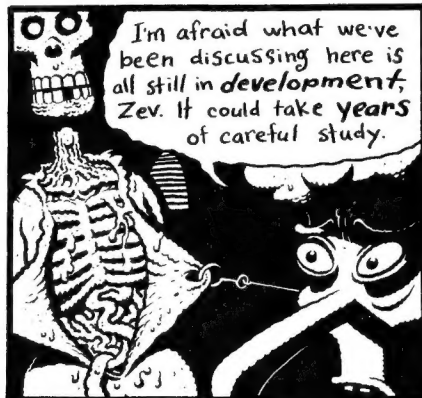
DIFFERENCE!!



Sounds good to *me*, doc.

How do we sign up?





TO BE CONTINUED.



Ordering info

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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS,
7563 Lake City Way NE,
Seattle, WA 98115.

(All back issues of ZERO ZERO are \$3.95 except for #8, which is \$5.95.) Just add \$3.00 shipping to any size order (except for a subscription, which is \$18.95, \$20.95 outside the U.S. for five issues). Mail your order to the above address—or, if you have a Visa or MasterCard, call it in at 800-657-1100.

Even if you don't have any money, write us and we'll send you a nice big full-color catalogue of all the things you can't afford to buy!

Next Issue



1 ZEROZERO01

(March/April 1995)

The 60-page premiere issue starts off with a delicious GARY PANTER cover. TED STEARNS premieres "Fuzz and Pluck," CHAR MORRITY and PAT BLOWERS team up, FRANK STACK brings back Jesus for a new adventure, DAVID HOLZMAN tells of "The Man With the Big Head," HENRIETTE VALMIUM dissects "The Great Disease," plus MAX ANDERSSON, DAVID COLLIER, GLENN HEAD, J.R. WILLIAMS, and a jam by KIM DETCH and MICHAEL DOUGAN!

2 ZEROZERO02

(May/June 1995)

RICHARD SALA debuts "The Chokinging Whistlet," MACK WHITE premieres "Homunculus!" The first "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON SPAN sponsors the return of Trash-mart! Plus DAVID MAZZUCHELLI in Japan, GLENN HEAD, MATSUI, DAVID COLLIER, WAYNO, and a jam by "Jesus" by FRANK STACK!

3 ZEROZERO03

(July 1995)

Qu'est-ce que c'est on zes covaire? Why, it's an explosion of VALMIUM! SKIP WILLIAMSON and RICK ALTEGOTT make their ZZ debuts, FRANK STACK's "Jesus" bows out, and MAX ANDERSSON's pantomime strip "Lulu" silently stalks the pages! Also in this issue, MARK NEWGARDEN, plus more COLLIER, chapter two of "Whistlet," another "Fuzz and Pluck," and a DAVID SANDLIN "Signs of the Apocalypse!"

4 ZEROZERO04

(August 1995)

"Meat Box" by KAZ and TIMOTHY GEORGIARAKIS debuts, plus COLLIER, a TED STEARNS dream story, the "Whistlet" part 3, JEFF JOHNSON, CAROL TYLER, a "Car-Boy" frontpiece by MAX ANDERSSON, a MARK BEYER back cover, and the exquisitely creepy two-color "I Was Killing When Killing Wasn't Cool" by AL COLUMBIA!

5 ZEROZERO05

(Sept/Oct. 1995)

JOE COLEMAN covers! CHRIS WARE frontpiece! JUSTIN GREEN back cover! And we haven't even gotten to the insides yet! (For the record, they include several of KIM DETCH's library "Quickie Classics," MAX ANDERSSON's "Curse of the Cuddly Critics Factory," the conclusion to "Meat Box," and more "Whistlet," COLLIER, and "Homunculus.")

6 ZEROZERO06

(Nov/Dec. 1995)

KIM DETCH and FOWLTON MEANS premiere "The Strange Secret of Mully O'Dare" (Gothic cover, best! Plus "Fuzz and Pluck," "Whistlet," DAVID COLLIER, SKIP WILLIAMSON, a wild dream from PENNY MORAN VAN KORN, T.H. METZGER & BOB FINGERMAN, GLENN HEAD, and a blazingly full-color back cover by RICK ALTEGOTT.

7 ZEROZERO07

(Jan./Feb. 1996)

Special Christmas story by MAX ANDERSSON, mammoth 18-page epic "bestworld" by BILL GRIFFITH, "Molly" middle chapter by DETCH, plus GILBERT HERNANDEZ, ARCHER PREWITT, and an "Apocalypse" back cover by DAVID COLLIER.

8 ZEROZERO08

(March/April 1996)

6th anniversary issue, kicked off with a CHARLES BURNS cover, plus a staggeringly belated two-color "Soft Boy" story by ARCHER PREWITT, more "Whistlet," and "Molly O'Dare." AL COLUMBIA, DAVID COLLIER, "Homunculus," TED STEARNS, MIKE DIANA, MAX ANDERSSON, and VALMIUM on the centrespread!

9 ZEROZERO09

(May/June 1996)

SKIP WILLIAMSON takes a trip down druggy lane! Virgin ZZ forays from SAM ANDERSSON, STEPHANE BLANCHET, and SUSAN CATHERINE "N OSCAR ZARATE, plus "Whistlet," COLLIER, and a HENRIETTE VALMIUM back cover.

10 ZEROZERO10

(July 1996)

DREW FREEDMAN cover! Eight pages of HENRIETTE VALMIUM New "Monroe" story by SAM ANDERSSON! Plus, a SKIP WILLIAMSON back cover, a "Car-Boy" story by MAX ANDERSSON, a "Homunculus" story by MACK WHITE, and the latest chapter of "Whistlet."

11 ZEROZERO11

(August 1996)

DAVE COOPER's epic "Crumples" begins with a big 17-page chapter! Plus STEARNS, SALA, KAZ, MAZZUCHELLI, ANDERSSON, COLLIER, and a back cover by RY TOMPKINS!

12 ZEROZERO12

(Sept/Oct. 1996)

MAX ANDERSSON returns with "Death," his biggest story since Pyle! P. REVESS and JOHANN PHINEN make their ZZ debuts! All this plus COLLIER, COOPER, DOUGAN, and SALA, and a back cover by none-other-than DAN CLOWES!

HEY! HOW ABOUT A LETTER?

You guys! Marc and I are here slavin' over hot computer keyboards, our artists are sweatin' their asses off over drawing boards in half a dozen countries around the world just to entertain you, and do you ever write? Not After 13 issues of ZERO ZERO we've gotten like, *three* letters. We realize that by not running a letters column (hey, someone's gotta set the standard now that the *New Yorker* caved), we're not exactly encouraging correspondence,

but we thought people wrote because they craved to reach out and touch someone, or at least to vent their spleen, not for the passing thrill of seeing their own names in print (okay, so that's why I used to write letters to *Cosmo America*, but I was 14 at the time!) Since we estimate ZERO ZERO has at least one hundred thirty-two regular readers, there's a lot of you folks out there who just must be brimming with sage opinions on ZERO ZERO, its contents, and the rest of the world at large. WRITE US! Tell

us what you love, like, don't like, and hate! Suggest other cartoonists you would like to see contributing to *The Gory Thot* to ZERO ZERO. See if you can catch Richard Sala in a spelling mistake! (We sure can't.) Complain because your copy had only one staple! We don't care! Let us just want to hear from you! Send all letters to ZERO ZERO LETTERS, 7563 LAKE CITY WAY, SEATTLE, WA 98115, FAX us at 206-524-2104, or e-mail us at zerozero@wowworld.com. We'll be glad you did.

— Kim T.

IT'S A SIGN OF THE UPCOMING
APOCALYPSE!!

TOY ROBOT INVASION!

By
JIM BLANCHARD &
MARKY RAMONE



